

# THE NEW-YORK CLIPPER

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

RISDON DEL.S.

VOL. IX.—No. 14.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.



THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

A NEW VERSE BY JAMES REYNOLDS, OF ROBINSON & LANE'S CIRCUS.

Our flag, so unjustly at Sumter assailed,  
By a bold, ruthless band of our Southern relations,  
But who now, in their motives have signally failed,  
And are held up to scorn by all civilized nations;  
And when war shall cease, may we always have peace,  
And united again, may our friendship increase;  
For the Star-Spangled Banner shall o'er us all wave,  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

THE WHITE LILY.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE--FROM LIFE TO  
DEATH AGAIN.

A PHYSICIAN'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,  
BY J. WOODRUFF LEWIS.

Twenty years ago! a broad cycle of infinity wasted. Twenty winters of fierce storms and waifings, and still within a field of golden grain, a withered pansy drags its blasted life, while the good and beautiful have been drunk upward by the sunshine into heaven. A score of dreary years dragged forward to eternity, but I am left alone.

Among my choicest treasures is a curious vessel, tarnished with age, and in it lies a pale white lily. 'Tis now the key-word to a life-time of misery; it was given to me—I will tell you how.

Just twenty years ago this night, I started with some boon companions to celebrate my enrollment upon the list of those whose care it was to combat with the subtle diseases that vex humanity, and shackle death where the heart beats low, and the breathings grow hushed and faint. For an age of never ceasing monotony had I come over the musty works of physiology and anatomy, with that wild, nervous curiosity to seek out the mysteries of the human frame, which characterizes the soul of passion, and now that I was upon the threshold of the hour when, like a minor god, I held the life of a man within my grasp, I went to make the night merry—to strop those very powers by which I was to laugh in the skeletal face of death. Our hands were on our hearts, our faces were shadowed in the rich depths of the wine, and over the brimming bowls we swore the fickle oaths of youth.

The bacchanalian songs rolled back in hollow echoes from our lips, and we drank our brains to madness, pledging the destroying hand that we defied. We heard the beating of the storm without, and the harsh rattling of the rain upon the roof. We saw the vivid flashes glaring on the wall, we heard the thunder as it gashed the very heavens to broad crevices of momentary flame; still we tossed the bumpers, and danced like devils in the foggy spells of drunkenness.

Thus we were, when suddenly there came a harsh rapping at the door. I tore it open, and inward strode stranger, dripping with the rain, with his thick cloak partly concealing his features.

"Is the new doctor here?" he asked, in tones strangely tremulous.

"I am here," I replied.

He gazed with fierce earnestness upon me, until I fairly shrank into a seat.

"Is your hand steady?" he continued.

"Look!" I replied, thrusting it into his face. "Look, and tell me."

"Far steadier than your brain," he responded, gloomily, and would have turned away, but I seized him by the shoulder, and prevented him.

"Drink!" we cried, gathering about him. "Drink to the arch-demons of disease! Drink to our Esculapius! drink to frantic love, for we are friends, and you shall pledge us all."

"Fools!" thundered he, hurling us back, "would you seek to drag me down with you? I go!"

His words sobered me.

"Forgive me!" I whispered, leading him aside. "And now, what do you wish of me?"

"Will you assume the responsibility of a human life?" he asked, suddenly.

"Tis my vocation," I replied.

"Then come with me, and if you save her, your fortune is assured, but should you fail oh, God! I dare not think of it," and reeling against the wall, he covered his eyes with his hands, as if to shut out his anguish with the light.

Hastily putting on my coat, I pulled my hat over my eyes, and taking his arm, we started out. The door creaked wildly, and as the last smothered sound of the orgie died upon our ears, we were in the storm.

Fiercely beat the rain upon us, and the dark shadows fled beneath the giant lamps, and wandered about our footsteps like pursuing phantoms—still we pressed onward.

"Haste!" muttered my companion, between his set teeth.

The words seemed mocking me, and I stopped short.

"Where would you lead me?" I asked.

"On! on!"

"But I will go no further."

"You must! 'Tis now too late to return. Tell me, boy," he added in continuation, as he nervously clutched me by the shoulder, "have you ever held the quivering chords of a human life, when a single error—a lost moment—would loose a soul in eternity? Have you ever—"

"Why ask me?"

"Because, should your skill fail you now, God only knows what lengths this madness might spur me on."

"What, would you attempt violence, should I not succumb?"

"Fool!" he interrupted wildly. "I would crush the world of medicine and all its votaries if it held not in its little strength, enough of skill to save one poor life. Tell me, is your hand and brain steady?"

"Prove me!"

"Enough! Save her to me, and gold enough shall be yours to stop the sightless sockets of the skulls of every one of those who shall fall beneath your hand hereafter. You doctors should be high priests to the Juggernaut; you'd find your victims without trusting to fanaticism to poison the brain."

"You are raving!" I returned with haughtiness, for his words wounded me.

"Raving?" he retorted bitterly, "and where is the soul that would not be crazed with madness to see the last basis of his faith in heaven dashed from him as though even that poor blessing were too much for him? You are not a father, boy."

"No!" was the mechanical response.

"Then 'twere useless to speak with you. But here we are at last."

He paused before a tall palatial mansion, and opened the door. I followed him up the broad staircase, and into a small, but magnificently furnished apartment.

"Softly, softly!" he whispered. "Ah! she sleeps. Look!"

He drew me towards the couch, and raising the lamp, pointed steadfastly with his finger at the form reclining there.

Never shall I forget the sight! I beheld the features of a young girl, with her head resting upon an arm of chisled symmetry; long silken lashes drooping downward upon her cheek, and on her pale, pale face, the uncertain shadows of the purple curtains were lying richly as the colors drifted against the fleecy clouds. There was a strange nervousness in her low, painful breathing, and I could detect through the heaped coverlets the uneven throbbing of her full bosom.

"Tell me," pleaded my strange guide in a voice husky with emotion, "is there any hope?"

"Is she unwell?" I asked, half stupefied.

"Unwell? Villain, you are tampering with me. Is that fearful hectic an omen of health?"

Then through my tranced brain a light of horrid forebodings broke.

"Consumption," I muttered, almost inaudibly.

"Oh, God! I feared as much," groaned the agonized father, and staggering backward, sank into a chair and drooped his face upon his knees. Almost shuddering, I raised her thin hand and counted the quick pulsations as the fevered blood went surging through the purple veins that seemed swelling out beneath my touch, and when I ventured another glance, her dreaming eyes were fixed full upon my face.

"Is it the doctor?" she asked, in a smothered voice.

"Yes," I replied, "but if I render you uneasy, I will wait until you are more calm."

"I am calm now," she responded, speaking with a visible effort, that sent the rich color to her brow. Then I knew that it was I who needed calmness, for a strange emotion seemed rackling my soul.

"You are very sick," I added, in continuation; "but I hope—"

She held up her hand reprovingly.

"I know that I must die ere long," she whispered, glancing sadly at her parent. "Will you strive to comfort my poor father?"

Her large, dreamy eyes were raised imploringly to me. I was a stern and thoughtless man, but I wept!

"You shall be saved!" I cried passionately.

The old man sprang up suddenly, and wrung my hand convulsively.

"Heaven bless you, boy!" he muttered.

I returned the pressure hopefully, for as we two stood beside the bedside of that pale girl, I felt that my first grapple with the king of terrors would be but as the withered oak battling with its brittle fingers against the thunderbolts of the wayward storm.

For weeks, aye, months, I coined my very brain and being to subtlety, in warding death's shafts from the bosom of Florence Hinton. I was maddened, and while others sneered at efforts which the very laws of medicine stamped as futile, I persevered in my wild attempts; the last despairing struggle of a single arm by desperate devices to save a ship with every timber strained and broken. I had learned to love that meek and uncomplaining soul—to almost worship her—and had I known that my own heart's blood could have purchased her one brief hour of resuce from suffering, I would not have scrupled to have poured it out.

And she returned that love with all the earnestness of her passionate soul. For oh! when the warm pulses of the heart first beat towards an object deified, there is no cold, conventional respect from which that wealth of love must grow, but it comes like an overwhelming torrent, swallowing up the baseless love of self, and leaving its stead all unblest.

Florence, I said, stealing my arm about her neck, and drawing her head upon my shoulder—"you will soon be perfectly recovered, and then, think you not we shall be happy?"

"Very happy, but I never shall be well again. I feel that this beautiful earth is not for me."

"Quiet such apprehensions, dearest," I replied. "You are growing better every day. Think hopefully of the future for my sake, Florence, if you love me."

"Do you doubt it?" she asked, sadly, and I saw the tears start to her eyes.

"No. Heaven knows I do not!" and I drew her closer to my bosom. "But this melancholy will kill you—will kill me. Oh! Florence, you know not the tortures that such words sow within my breast. Cheer up, cheer up!"

"I will try," she replied, with a faint smile, as I led her into the house.

That night I spoke to Mr. Hinton.

"My boy," he said kindly, "to you I owe much, to Heaven I owe more. Florence consecrates her heart's best love to you. I consecrate her to God. It is my vow."

"But I do not understand you, sir," I replied, utterly at a loss to perceive the drift of his obscure remarks.

"Nothing is plainer," he returned, looking steadfastly at me. "I have perfected my arrangements, and within a month she takes the black veil."

"The black veil!" I cried, springing to my feet.

"The black veil," he repeated, measuredly.

"What! would you crush her future hopes, drive her

to the very jaws of death from which she is scarce rescued? You cannot mean this?"

"I do mean it, sir."

"But this sacrifice—this sacrifice of your own flesh and blood to a blind fanaticism! It shall not be consummated! No, Mr. Hinton, I shall appeal to the strong arm of the law to interpose between her and this wild blast of a disordered brain."

"Indeed!" he answered coldly, "and what if this very night the Bethlehem nuns receive a new sister to their bosoms? who will prevent it?"

"I will! You shall not, in your blind fanaticism, blast my hopes, though a thousand convent doors were opened to swallow her up in a living sepulchre. Mark me, Mr. Hinton! Florence has pledged herself to me, and he who would tear her from me must prove himself the better man!"

"What!" he responded, angrily, "would you force her to hate you? She has herself consented, and even this moment the holy fathers are with her. If you work your own destruction now, I hold myself guiltless."

"I must speak with her," I cried. "If she is self-sacrificed, I will learn it from her own lips."

"Follow me," was his response. "I did so—in his very footsteps. A moment brought us to the room where I had first seen her, and that old memory sent a fever to my brain."

She was sitting by the window, with her face buried in her hands, her bosom heaving, and I could hear the low sobs that came tortuously with her breath. Five men with their faces half hidden in the black hoods of their gowns, were seated about her, speaking in broken whispers. With a bound, I broke through the circle, and reached her in my arms.

"Florence, Florence," I muttered wildly, "you cannot, must not leave me thus. Say, dearest, but the word, and these men shall rue the hour when they thought to snare us."

"We must part," she murmured. "We must part forever!"

"And it is your free will?" I asked. But she only added:

"We must part forever!"

"Are you satisfied now, poor boy?" said Mr. Hinton, advancing.

I heeded him not. Bending low to Florence, I whispered:

"Heaven forgive you, Florence, thy fatal error! I never can!"

"Come, my son," said one of the monks, laying his hand upon my shoulder. "The night is at hand, and the Sisters of Bethlehem await the novice."

In my frenzy, I smote him to the floor.

"Proceed!" I cried, "proceed with the hellish ritual of yielding two human hearts to despair! James Hinton, may heaven lay the charge at your door!"

Slowly the monks arose, and amid them walked with uneven step, the only being I ever loved on earth. One foul hand he imprinted on her brow, and muttered:

"I can bear it now."

Once in her carriage, she fixed her sad eyes on mine; and oh! the world of heart-felt anguish in their clear depths! it struck fury to my soul.

I leaped to the box, and with a bitter oath grappled the stout coachman and hurled him to the ground. A stifled shriek issued from the coach, and the next moment I was overpowered and borne to the house, but through the closed window I saw, through the mists of a tottering reason, the flying steeds, as they bore her off into the blackness of the night, lost to me forever and forever.

He whose soul is of adamant, who outgrows all of the warmer feelings of his nature—all of the delicate sensibilities with which the Almighty has endowed him—in the barren soil of cynicism—whose heart is callous with that misanthropy that coldly sneers at fate, is doubly blest, for he knows not the Prometheus torture of broken hopes. There is a mental apathy which scoffs at the throes of sorrow—that gives the mocking laugh of bitter agony for each wasted pleasure—that stalks like a grim skeleton among its dying hopes, and chokes with sacrilegious mirth its own sighs of desolation. But no such apathy is mine.

Each moment as I write, I feel how impotently weak—how doubly inadequate are poor ink-drops in depicting the all-absorbing misery of the human heart, when its mental fingers grasp at happiness, and find but the dim idealities of a mirage in its stead.

Months had passed away, since the night when, with a curse upon my lips, I fled from the mansion of James Hinton, and sought to benumb my soul in the essences of unholy mirth, and the maddening vapors of the wine cup. But I had not succeeded—I was still human, and the past would rise before me.

I was seated in my office, plunged in bitter meditation, when James Hinton strode like a withered memory to my side, and handed me a little packet. It contained a simple white lily and a note. The latter lies before me brown and faded, but I will transcribe it:

"I am dying! A strange damp is on my brow, and with the melancholy autumn days, I shall pass away. Come to me once more. I would see you yet again. Earth is no home for our loves. Look upward, for there is a heaven for us both. Slowly, sadly fall the yellow leaves in the sunset, the purple and gold lay upon the western clouds, and with the dying day I shall be no more. Come to me."

GENTLY fell the twilight shades upon the earth, and the western hills grew crimson with the last flush of day, as the heavy gates of the Bethlehem convent swung back on their creaking hinges, that two crushed souls might enter.

We found her, pale and beautiful, stretched upon her cot, beneath the tall trees, whither she had been carried. I took both her hands in my own.

"Florence," I murmured, "do you love me still?"



## SPORTS ABROAD.

## THE RING.

## THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

## GIVING UP THE BATTLE MONEY.

## CHALLENGE TO THE CHAMPION.

## FIGHTS TO COME.

JULY	9.—Young Hollister and Young Dutch Sam—£25 a side, at Sat 4th. Home Circuit.
10	—Webb and Lavery—£25 a side. Glasgow.
23	—Clegg and The Unknown—£10 a side.
29	—Bill Benjamin and Dick James—£100 a side, catch weight. London.
30	—John Cooke and Job Cobley—£50 a side, at 10th. Home Circuit.
AUG.	13—Quin and McCullay—£50 a side. Glasgow.
SAT.	8—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, Sat 1st. London.

## THE CHAMPIONSHIP—MADE AND HURST.

The battle money for this fight was given to Made at his own house, the Old King John, Holwell lane, on Wednesday, June 26th, in the presence of a large number of his friends. Hurst was present, looking very little the worse for wear, and after the ceremony of presentation Mac made a collection for him, amounting to £10 5s, of which the Champion contributed the lion's share.

Mac has called on us to correct one or two errors in our account of the fight last night. The first is as to his parentage. It may be remembered we stated that he was a half bred piper, and this we did on the express authority of some of his own friends. This, Jim says, is quite an error; his father and mother and their families before them have not a drop of gipsy blood in their veins; they have all lived at Beeston, near Swaffham in Norfolk (where Jim was born in April, 1831), for many generations, and have all worked as respectable blacksmiths for years. Jim also informs us that he lost the toss for corners. Sam Hurst requests us to say his age is 32. He admits fully that his weight on the day of fighting was nearer 17st than 16t, and he was not fit to fight for a penny when he entered the ring. Further, Sam wishes us to call the attention of those who took his colors for his match with Paddock to the fact that, whereas 250 were sent out, he has as yet only been paid for 80, and as he is now, of course, on the wrong side, and it is dead low water in his cly, the "necessaries" will be very acceptable.

On the subject of the time occupied by the battle, we regret to say that a blunder occurred in our last. We stated that the actual time was fifty minutes, but on referring to our note-book, we find that ten minutes must be deducted, thus leaving it at forty minutes rather than over the hour. This answers numerous questions we have received during the past week.

As to the future of the Champion's Belt, we may be remembered, sometime back left a deposit in our hands to fight the winner. On this subject we shall, perhaps, have more information next week. At present we have only to call the Champion's attention to the fact that Keg's money is posted, and to inform him, at the request of Hurst, that he means business, and hopes Mac will lose no time in covering his deposit. He says he has a right to the first chance, and means to avail himself of it. —*Bell's Life*, June 30.

## LATEST CHAMPIONSHIP GOSSIP.

*From the Sporting Life*, June 29.

In consequence of the erroneous statements made by several of our contemporaries, respecting the time of the late fight, we have been inundated with communications from correspondents requesting to know the precise time that the battle lasted. Therefore, for the information of our numerous readers, we again repeat that our time, as stated, viz., thirty nine minutes, was correct according to three chronometers. Every minute is given by another journal, which also states that Mac won the toss, and lashed an enormous mistake; not only did Hurst win the toss for choice of corners, but after that bid, his friends immediately chose the higher ground. Mac thus fought at exactly the same odds as the gallant Sayers in the memorable contest with Hoenan, at Barnborough. Jim Mac called upon us, at our office, on Tuesday, and totally denied the assertion of there being any gipsy blood in his veins whatever; his father having earned his living as a blacksmith, at Beeston, near Lichfield, where his forefathers had been in the same occupation for generations. Jim himself was born there, and finished his training at the Bell Inn, now kept by his brother, William. Jim comes from good stock; almost all the males on his father's side, being more or less renowned for boxing, and on his mother's they were equally celebrated as wrestlers and carried off several prizes.

On Saturday, Mac went to Norwich, where he formerly resided, and arrived by the 7.15 train. On emerging from the railway station, he entered a conveyance for the purpose of proceeding into the town; his admirers, whose names are legion, soon detached the horse and drew Jim down the street. The famous belt was afterwards publicly exhibited, and the Champion held a levee at his hotel. Jim Mac, we are happy to state, has perfectly recovered from the effects of Hurst's spikes, and looked remarkably well.

Sam Hurst, we are happy to inform our readers, was sufficiently recovered to leave for Stalybridge on Thursday last, and despite the penny-a-lining lie of several contemporaries, although severely punished, he showed but little more than the usual marks after a heavy weight encounter. He was very much down-hearted and crest-fallen, hiding his face away from the lookers on whenever he had a chance, and at times shedding tears. We are sorry to hear, from report, which we do not vouch for, that some low ruffians have had the unmanliness to turn Sam Hurst in effigy at Stalybridge, and we are unable to guess the reason why or wherefore. We are happy to inform our readers that Hurst will shortly be in a strong position to benefit at the Royal Theatre, Blackfriars road, when he will be assisted by all the talent. The wind up between Mac and Hurst, Sam deserves a bumper for his bold and manly struggle, and we trust his friends will do their utmost to secure a remunerative result.

A NEW CANDIDATE FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—A CHALLENGE FOR THE BELT.—Young King, who last year defeated Tommy Trickle, of Portsmouth, has thrown down the gauntlet to the Champion, Jim Mac, and left the requisite deposit with the stakeholder; and as Mac has expressed his intention to do battle for his honors and fame, another fight for the Championship of England may safely be looked forward to.

THE LATE FIGHT FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP—HANDING OVER THE STAKES.—On Wednesday night, there was a dense muster of the East end fancy, mixed with members of the P. R., assembled at Jim Mac's (the Champion's), the Old King John, Holwell lane, Shoreditch, to witness the handing over of the stakes, £200, to the gallant winner, and the fact of it having been announced that the Stalybridge Infant would be present, much increased the interest. The spacious room was densely crowded, and Mac received a perfect ovation, which he accepted in his usual unassuming manner. At the arrival of Hurst, with his mentor, Harry Brunt, he was greeted with a hearty welcome, the old opponents shaking hands with the most apparent friendship, and drinking to each other's future welfare. On the time having arrived, the fruits of his victory were handed over to Mac, who, in a neat speech, said he had arrived at the point of his ambition, and would maintain that position and meet any one, but gave the "pass" to Hoenan. He then expressed a hope that the company would assist to compensate his brave, but unfortunate, antagonist for his defeat, and commenced the collection by adding his mite—viz., £5. This was responded to round the room, and the sum of £2 10s. was handed to Hurst, who expressed his regret at his defeat, but stated that his chief solace was the knowledge he had done his best to win.

BENEFIT FOR SAM HURST.—SAM HURST, THE STALYBRIDGE INFANT. AT THE ROTUNDA, BLACKFRIARS ROAD, ON MONDAY, JULY 1.—The friends of Sam Hurst, in consideration of his gameness and courage in his late encounter with Jim Mac, intend giving him a benefit at the Rotunda Theatre, Blackfriars road, on Monday next, July 1, on which occasion the following first-rate men will assist and spur, as follows:—Nat Langham and Young King, Alec Keene and Bob Taylor, Harry Brunt and Jerry Noon, Jim Dillon and Bob Travers, Young Reed and Young Shaw, George Brown and Jimmy Welsh, Dan Thomas and Jack Brookes, Deeney Sullivan and Jack Hick, Hayley, Mike Madden and Joe Rose, Tommy Hooker and Jack Hicks, Tom Tyler and Charley Lynch, George Sims and Bob Webb. The wind up will be between Jim Mac and Sam Hurst, who will fight their battle over again in fighting costume. The names of the men who will exhibit a guarantee that there will be no going round with the hat. We hope, on this occasion, that all the admirers of a brave and honest man will rally round Hurst, who tried to retrieve the fortunes of the day, even when totally blind, and who, we can assure our readers, requires consolation after his unexpected defeat. We are sorry to say, that in his native place, anything but a fair manly feeling has been shown towards him, as those who partook of his success with Paddock, have been the first to show the cold shoulder on his defeat, as well as advancing the most libelous strictures on his conduct without the slightest foundation.

## GALLANT MILL IN THE BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT BETWEEN J. James and J. Cooksey, for £20.

On Tuesday, June 25, J. James (alias Ginger), and J. Cooksey, met near Birmingham, to fight at catch-weight, for £10 a side. An early hour in the morning was appointed, and the scene of action was reached at 9 o'clock. The ring was soon pitched, and Ginger threw in his cap and entered the ring, seconded by Joe Warham and Joe Baker. In about five minutes after, Cooksey shied in the castor, attended by Curly Harrison and Garry Bavan. On the last striping there was a vast contrast, James being as brown as a berry, while Cooksey looked very pale, his natural color. Both were in admirable condition. After the ceremonies, hand shaking, &c., had been completed, they stood up for THE FIGHT.

Round 1. After some time spent in sparring and feinting, Ginger was the first to lead off, but was short, it falling on the chest of Cooksey, who then closed, and Cooksey got down.

Ginger again got on the chest with the left. Cooksey trying to return, but very short. A rally took place to the ropes, and Cooksey got down.

3. After a little dodging and sparring, Ginger crossed counter on the back a "hot 'un," sent Cooksey to grass, and drawing the claret, thus claim ng "first blood" and "first knock-down blow."

4. Ginger again got on the chest with the left. Cooksey trying to return, but very short. A rally took place to the ropes, and Cooksey got down.

5. No sooner up, than a regular slogging match to the ropes with both hands took place, where Cooksey got down.

6. And 7. Some short exchanges on both sides, and Cooksey again down, no mischief being done.

8. Ginger, with a right handed stinger on the snout, sent Cooksey to grass again.

## HANDBIKE RACE FOR £100.—PRUDENCE DUNCAN CAMERON AND WILLIAM BROWN.—These men were matched about three months ago to row a skiff match for £50 a side, from the Garfield Light ship to Bowring, the distance being about four miles. Brown, who has frequently won matches on the Clyde, was placed under the care of the redoubt Bob Chambers, of Newcastle, and while Cameron's backers repudged such confidence in him as to deem it unnecessary. On Thursday, 27th ult., about half past three, the meet met at the appointed place, their various partisans, along with the umpires (Chambers and Mr. J. Arbusk), and referee (John Miller, Esq.) being accommodated in a barge the tories steamers whi accompanied the race. A very even start was effected by mutual consent, but Cameron, being most contiguous to the surf of the steamer, almost immediately fell behind, and at 60 yards Brown had more than drawn himself clear. Cameron having gradually forced himself ahead of the steamer, however, soon decreased the distance, and at the end of half a mile was again rowing level. After this there was a more determined sport or lead, but Cameron would not be denied, and soon began to draw away from his veteran opponent, and, notwithstanding Brown's game struggle, he was left more and more behind as the distance was passed, Cameron easily winning by eight yards. The betting at starting was 6 to 4 on either, according to the fancy of the layer, but very little money changed hands.

## CRICKET IN ENGLAND.

Below we give the scores of several first class cricket matches, played in England, space preventing our giving full particulars.

ALL ENGLAND VS. OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE, played June 24 and 25.

ALL ENGLAND—First Innings.

Player	Runs	Wickets
H. Hale c K. Son b W. Willsher	4	b Willsher
G. Knight at Fryer b Bennett	1	c Norton b Bennett
G. Wells b Bennett	.....	11 c Norton b Willsher
J. Wade c Hopkins b Bonnett	.....	6
John Lillywhite b Bennett	31	not out
W. L. Sherwin n/a run out	0	s Kalton b Willsher
E. Napper c Baker	0	b Bennett
C. H. E. K. Bennett	5	c and b Norton
S. Cooper c Bennett	0	s Birrell b Bennett
J. Stubberfield not out	3	b Willsher
J. Payne b Willsher	2	c Kalton b Bennett
Byes 3, leg byes 3, wide 1	7	Lag bye

Total ..... 82 Total ..... 105

KENT VS. SUSSEX, played June 24 and 25.

SUSSEX.

Player	Runs	Wickets
W. H. Foyr c Knight b Payne	5	w. Willsher
W. S. Norton c Sherwin b Payne	0	W. Willsher
G. Bennett c Lillywhite b Payne	8	H. Birrell b Payne
G. Willsher c and b Payne	9	G. Baker c Sherwin b Willsher
G. Knight c Lillywhite b Payne	1	Log bye 2, w. b. 3
W. Hopkins c Sherwin b Payne	1	.....
Total ..... 82	Total ..... 105	

KENT—First Innings.

Player	Runs	Wickets
W. H. Foyr c Knight b Payne	5	W. Willsher
W. S. Norton c Sherwin b Payne	0	W. Willsher
G. Bennett c Lillywhite b Payne	8	H. Birrell b Payne
G. Willsher c and b Payne	9	G. Baker c Sherwin b Willsher
G. Knight c Lillywhite b Payne	1	Log bye 2, w. b. 3
W. Hopkins c Sherwin b Payne	1	.....
Total ..... 82	Total ..... 105	

KENT—Second Innings.

Player	Runs	Wickets
W. H. Foyr c Knight b Payne	5	W. Willsher
W. S. Norton c Sherwin b Payne	0	W. Willsher
G. Bennett c Lillywhite b Payne	8	H. Birrell b Payne
G. Willsher c and b Payne	9	G. Baker c Sherwin b Willsher
G. Knight c Lillywhite b Payne	1	Log bye 2, w. b. 3
W. Hopkins c Sherwin b Payne	1	.....
Total ..... 82	Total ..... 105	

W. H. Foyr c Knight b Payne

Player	Runs	Wickets
W. H. Foyr c Knight b Payne	5	W. Willsher
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G. Bennett c Lillywhite b Payne	8	H. Birrell b Payne
G. Willsher c and b Payne	9	G. Baker c Sherwin b Willsher
G. Knight c Lillywhite b Payne	1	Log bye 2, w. b. 3
W. Hopkins c Sherwin b Payne	1	.....
Total ..... 82	Total ..... 105	

W. H. Foyr c Knight b Payne

Player	Runs	Wickets
W. H. Foyr c Knight b Payne	5	W. Willsher
W. S. Norton c Sherwin b Payne	0	W. Willsher
G. Bennett c Lillywhite b Payne	8	H. Birrell b Payne
G. Willsher c and b Payne	9	G. Baker c Sherwin b Willsher
G. Knight c Lillywhite b Payne	1	Log bye 2, w. b. 3
W. Hopkins c Sherwin b Payne	1	.....
Total ..... 82	Total ..... 105	

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

Player	Miles	Wickets
W. S. Norton c Sherwin b Payne	13	1
G. Bennett c Lillywhite b Payne	14	2
G. Willsher c and b Payne	15	3
G. Knight c Lillywhite b Payne	16	4
J. Payne b Willsher	17	5
W. Hopkins c Sherwin b Payne	18	6
John Lillywhite b Bennett	19	7
W. L. Sherwin n/a run out	20	8
E. Napper c Baker	21	9
C. H. E. K. Bennett	22	10
S. Cooper c Bennett	23	11
J. Stubberfield not out	24	12
J. Payne b Willsher	25	13
Byes 3, leg byes 3, wide 1	26	14

TOTAL ..... 105 TOTAL ..... 125

SURREY VS. SIXTHES OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY, played June 20, 21, and 22.

OXFORD.

Player	Runs	Wickets
F. Gardner c Griffith b Miller	23	c Griffith
H. Stachoppe c Griffith b Miller	24	c Griffith
C. F. Lockyer c Griffith b Miller	25	c Griffith
J. Payne c Griffith b Miller	26	c Griffith
A. M. Lipscomb c Griffith b Miller	27	c Griffith
F. Rawlinson c Griffith b Miller	28	c Griffith
G. L. Lockyer c Griffith b Miller	29	c Griffith
H. Stachoppe c Griffith b Miller	30	c Griffith
J. Payne c Griffith b Miller	31	c Griffith
F. Rawlinson c Griffith b Miller	32	c Griffith
G. L. Lockyer c Griffith b Miller	33	c Griffith
H. Stachoppe c Griffith b Miller	34	c Griffith
J. Payne c Griffith b Miller	35	c Griffith
F. Rawlinson c Griffith b Miller	36	c Griffith
G. L. Lockyer c Griffith b Miller	37	c Griffith
H. Stachoppe c Griffith b Miller	38	c Griffith
J. Payne c Griffith b Miller	39	c Griffith
F. Rawlinson c Griffith b Miller	40	c Griffith
G. L. Lockyer c Griffith b Miller	41	c Griffith
H. Stachoppe c Griffith b Miller	42	c Griffith
J. Payne c Griffith b Miller	43	c Griffith
F. Rawlinson c Griffith b Miller	44	c Griffith
G. L. Lockyer c Griffith b Miller	45	

## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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Advertisements, 12 cents per line for each and every insertion.

Day of publication, Wednesday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,  
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

## NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

**MAKING CRICKETERS.**—A capital plan has been recently adopted by several members of the New York Cricket Club for making cricketers. Matches are gotten up between lads from seven years of age and upwards, and under the guidance of two experienced players, the affairs are conducted decently and in order, bad behavior in any way being immediately checked. Refreshments are liberally provided for them, after which the older persons present, including many of the lads' parents, sit down to a solation and have a good time all round. The first of these matches was gotten up under the auspices of Mr. Geo. Higham; the second occurred on the 6th inst., President Balliere being the presiding genius. The ericketing qualities shown by the lads are said to be surprising, and although they are not physically equal to adult cricketers, their skill is quite up to the average. Our opinion is, that this mode of manufacturing cricketers is a good one, and will be the means of sowing good seed in good ground, that will go far to supply the vacancies caused by the retirement of our best men in the future, and not leave us altogether to that doubtful source of supply for anything superior—importation. By all means give the young ones chances to prove themselves "chips of the old block," as the sons of the noble houses of Sharp, Higham, Howell, Wright & Co. are sure to do, if opportunities be given. The "day out" on Saturday last was pronounced "gay" by old and young, male and female, of whom, many of the last named were present.

## ITEMS FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, July 6, 1861.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.—The National Capital is just now, the very nucleus of glee, fun, frolics, and poies; but do not apprehend that I intend to bore you with remarks of the latter subject. We have but little relish for it—much less have you. Not a few street fights come off here, in pairs every day, and the most of them very unscientific. I observed one of those battles yesterday, on Pennsylvania Avenue, (this Avenue is the Broadway of Washington,) between a white and black. After the interchange of a few wildly struck blows—their arms sweeping a circle nearly—they made an attempt at wrestling—only an attempt, as neither fell. The black, not mindful of the Bob Travers' style, resorted to the favorite mode of negro fighting, by making a butt-dig at his white opponent, which failed of its object. The pale face, to the amusement of the bystanders, appeared ready to fight Darkie on his own plan, and pitched into him head-first. Putting their heads together like two rams, they stood for a moment, then stepped back, and came up striking each other with their heads; now they clinched, and the dark fell—the white, on top, driving in two or three blows, and the negro's nose past a bloody tribute to their efficacy, blood spouting from the extended nostril in crimson jets. They were now separated, and the combatants, shaking hands, went away to have a "drink." This is a fair sample of tens of such street fights every day.

There is an excellent Gymnasium here, and the big gloves, the dumb-bells, and all necessary appurtenances are proof that the nobility of science of athletic exercises for self-preservation and bodily vigor are held in estimation by the most sensible portion of the citizens. There are evening entertainments here, which are very respectably patronized. On the 4th, at the Theatre, the "Invisible Prince," with the "Naïd Queen" scenery was performed with good effect. Stuart Robson won favor, and Mrs. Henrietta received much applause. Her personal beauty is creating quite an excitement among the Washingtonians proper and visitors, while her accomplishments lend an enchantment almost irresistible, even to the warriors. There was a splendid concert at Willard's Hall this evening. Mrs. Moda Blanchard, assisted by Mr. Harry Sherman, Pianist, and Signor Lotti, and the fine band of the 1st German Regt. N. Y., gave a rich treat; and, although the tickets were one dollar each, yet, the audience nearly filled the Hall.

Professor McCoy, also gave a Shakespearean reading, which was well received.

I have just paid a visit to Arlington Heights, and was among the boys of the noble 8th, New York City Regiment, and the Irish lads of the 9th. There is a perfect unanimity of soldierly brotherhood existing between those two noble regiments—and I can positively assure you that, where one regiment fights the rebel army, there will be the other. They pride the themselves in the military discipline and prowess of each other, and are in unity of feeling one and undivided. Father Mooney, the 69th Regiment's Chaplain, is the idol of the regiment. I saw him to-day—he wears a Hazelock Cap, and military costume. Both those regiments expect to return home to New York at the expiration of their term of enlistment, which will be the latter part of this month. It will be a lucky day for the "seab" troops when they depart; for these boys on "Arlington Heights" are in first rate fighting order, and when the Bugle sound a sudden call to arms, they will spring to meet the foe with a determination to conquer, and from the motto, (") British Boy did, when he struck his spear before the formidable Tom!"

"Fort Corcoran," a standing monument of the indefatigable exertions of the gallant 69th, and will bequeath to their memory on the page of American History through the perpetuity of ages.

Yours, &amp;c. J. G. L.

P.S.—I suppose you have received information of the death of one of Elsworth's Zouaves; and the revenge taken. The poor fellow was shot on Friday night, (5th inst.) and on the afternoon of to-day, (6th inst.), the Zouaves and other New York soldiers fired the house where he was shot. Two other houses took fire. I saw the three in flames—they were consumed. A great concourse of citizens and soldiers gathered, and a riot began apprehended, a troop of Cavalry rode in and dispersed the crowd. A large field being in front of the burning buildings, it was almost amusing (and would have been under less tragic circumstances) to see the fellows—men and boys of all colors—scampering helter skelter, bither and thither, and the horsemen making pretended cuts at them! Quiet is now restored.

## SPORTS IN CALIFORNIA.

GOON IRVING.—A patentee of an improved lifting machine has been traveling through the southern portion of California. From the subjoined table, it would appear that Coloma, Tuolumne county, for strong men, beats off the palm. As yet, Mr. Varnon has only found seven persons who have actually lifted 1,000 lbs. avoidably, as follows: H. H. Miller, Yuba city, Yuba county, 1,060 lbs.; David Jockey, Columbia, Tuolumne county, 1,058 lbs.; J. Miller, Stockton, San Joaquin county, 1,040 lbs.; E. W. Whitney, Marysville, Yuba county, 1,024 lbs.; H. Eastburn, Sacramento City, 1,002 lbs.;—Glenis, Amador city, Amador county, 1,000 lbs. To those might be added John C. Adams, of Sonora, Tuolumne county, who, without hardly any exertion, and with only one hand, raised 800 lbs., and who offered to bet from \$50 to \$100 that he could raise 1,100 lbs., but could find no takers.

PROFESSIONAL AT EMPIRE RANCH.—Two foot races came off at that Ranch, situated in Yuba County, Cal., on the 1st inst. The first was a race of 100 yards between Edwards and Holmes. The betting was lively. Holmes having the call. Both played for the advantage at the start, and when they got off Holmes was slightly ahead. Edwards passed him in the first fifty yards, but as they neared the score Holmes passed him gallantly, coming home the winner by three feet seven inches, pocketing the cash. The celebrated Forbes was the trainer and adviser of Holmes. Then came a five-mile race, for \$120 a side, between Davis and Mooney. It was won by the latter. Davis, being a half a mile in the rear, drew out on his third mile.

MOWING MATCH.—A mowing match, for \$20 a side, took place recently, at Auburn, Cal., between S. R. Steele and John Atkinson. A fraction over half an acre was measured off for each man, and they started upon their work at the same time. Steele completed his work in forty-one minutes, leaving Atkinson with four or five more minutes' work to accomplish. Steele was declared the winner. Both men did good and fast work.

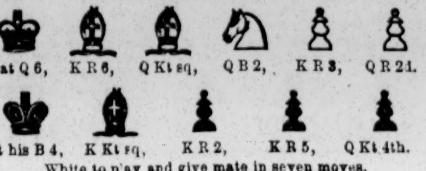
FISH BREEDING.—The experiment of the Messrs. Treat, of Robbinston, Maine, for the breeding of salmon, shad, alewives, and other fish, will be remembered. These gentlemen, having control of ponds connected with the sea, in 1857 placed fish ready to spawn in them, and when the young fish were sufficiently grown, allowed them to go to sea, with the belief that when matured they would return to the same place for propagation. In a letter to the editor of the *Eastport Sentinel*, Mr. Treat says the fish have to the Spring returned in great numbers. The importance of the fact to the people of that State, it is impossible to estimate. The theory that fish will invariably seek the waters in which they were bred seems now to be fully established, and a rich mine of wealth awaits but the enterprise to work it.

TRIUMPH OF THE STARS AND STRIPES IN WALES.—At a regatta which came off at Cardiff, Wales, on June 26, the first prize, £4 was won by an American boat, pulled by an American crew and commanded by a Portland boy. They came up to the Judge's stand with the Old Stars and Stripes flying at the stern, amid the cheers of the crowds of admiring spectators.

## THE GAME OF CHESS.

PROF. GEO. ALLEN, Philad'l'a.—Accept our sincere thanks for the very valuable autograph. We had sent you a copy of our new "Prob. Tour," just before the receipt of your letter and enclosure.

ENIGMA NO. 235.

From the *Illustrated Zeitung*.

PROBLEM NO. 235.

BY JOHN GARDNER.

WHITE.



GAME NO. 235.

Played in February last, between Theo Lichtenstein and our contributor Jas. A. Leocard.

BUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

Attack,	Defense,	Attack,	Defense,
1. P to K 4	P to K 4	21. P to R 5(b)	K P x P
2. K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	22. Kt-B 1 K 3	P-K 5
3. K-B Kt 5	P-Q R 8(a)	23. Kt-B 1 B q	R-K Kt sq
4. B-Q R 4	Kt-B 3	24. Kt-B 2 R	R-K 3
5. P-Q 4	K 1 P	25. Kt-B 3 Q R-Kt 1 sq	
6. P-K 5	Kt-B 5	26. K-R 8 2 P-K 6	
7. Castles	Kt-B 4	27. K-R x P	K x P +
8. K-B Kt 3	P-Q 4	28. Q x R	Q x Q +
9. K-R 2 P	Q Kt x K	29. K x Q R	Q-K +
10. Q x Q Kt 3	B-K 3	30. Q-R-K Rq	Q-B-Kt sq
11. P-B 4	P-K 3	31. Q-B-K 3	P-Q 5
12. K-R 3 B 2	K-B 2	32. K-R 8 5 Q-B 3	
13. Q-B 1 K 3	Kt-B 2	33. B-R 4(c) Q-E 4	
14. R P x K	Castles	34. R x R + P	K x K
15. Q-B 2 Q	P-K 4	35. Q-B x B +	Kt-B 3
16. Q-R 2 Q	P-Q 4	36. R-E B Bq	K+B+
17. Q-B 2 K 2	Q-E 2	37. K x Q B	Q-K 5
18. J-R 4 B 2	P-Q 2	38. P-Q Kt 4	Q-B + P
19. K-B 3 Q-R 2	Q-R 2 Q	39. R-B 2 K 6	Q-G 6, and
20. Kt-K 2 R-his Rq	his Rq	the Defense wins the partie!	(d)

(o) Another strong testimony to the validity of Hen Lowenthal's defense to this powerful assault. We commend the opening of this game, both in Attack and Defense, to the careful attention of our readers.

(b) Sacrificing a Pawn with the view of obtaining an attack, but, as the sequel shows, he is only playing his adversary's game.

(c) This is as bad as taking the Pawn. In either case the exchange is lost.

(d) And a most compact win it is, too.

## CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER.—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY. We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price \$2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. SPATH, Buffalo, N. Y.—"Gifford, why don't you speak to me? Oh, C. Ford, is it you?" Nuffed, sh?

YENDIS, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We have not Mr. K.'s position before us at present, and therefore cannot reply. In our next we will try to do so. The thermometer manufacturers of New York have "went and did" it this time! Made the "infernal machines" too long by a foot! Thanks for position.

CONTRA.—We have two or three of your positions on hand. Let us hear from you at your leisure. Be particular to name your place of residence.

MACK, Newark, N. J.—Shall be pleased to hear from you again. Post on very practical—the very kind we wish to place before our friends.

GAMES NO. 14—VOL. IX.

From *Drummond's Treatise*.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1. 22 to 18	10 to 14	14. 27 to 23	16 to 10
2. 25 22	11 16	15. 14 9	5 14
3. 22 17	9 13	16. 18 9	20 27
4. 17 10	6 22	17. 31 24	7 11
5. 26 17	13 22	18. 9 6	11 16
6. 30 26	8 11	19. 24 20	16 19
7. 26 17	11 15	20. 23 16	12 19
8. 24 19	15 24	21. 5 1	19 23
9. 27 11	7 16	22. 1 5	23 26
10. 28 24	5 9	23. 5 9	26 31
11. 23 18	9 13	24. 9 14	4 8
12. 17 14	3 7	25. 14 18	31 27
13. 32 27	1 5		

DRAWN.

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 13.—VOL. IX.

BY MACK.

Black. White. Black. White.

1. 7 to 10 20 to 27 3. 18 to 14 10 to 17

2. 10 6 1 10 4. 13 to 24, and wins.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 32D POSITION.

White. Black. White. Black.

1. 19 to 23 21, and must win.

POSITION NO. 14.—VOL. IX. THE 33D POSITION OF STURGES.

BY YENDIS.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to move and win.

WHITE. Black to move and win.

MATCH GAMES BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLITHE.

Black—Acceptance. White—Blithe.

5. 8 11 17 13

6. 9 14 29 25

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary. White—W. S. K.

whether that Blondin will fall from his rope, or that Mace, or the succeeding champion, will be killed in a fair fight. Even if the defeat of Burst should prove as serious as is reported, it must be remembered that an accident, which was at the time stated to be likely to prove fatal, happened lately to a gymnast at the Alhambra. The ring is neither more nor less likely to cause death than the rope or the trapza; and a disaster from any one of these causes would bring equal reproach upon the law which permitted, and the spectators who applauded, the performance of the adventurer who lost his life in trying to gain his living.

### THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

#### WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

**Bill Abbot—His Fight With Dolly Smith.**

Abbot was matched against Dolly Smith, for twenty guineas a side, and this battle took place near the Barge House, in Essex, on Tuesday, February 2, 1819; on which day, the amateurs, totally indifferent to the rain, left the Metropolis to witness this mill, and mustered rather numerously at the above spot; and, had the weather proved more favorable, the situation must have been considered truly interesting and picturesque. The ships sailing up and down the river; the fine buildings, and noble appearance of Woolwich Warren, opposite; the verdure of the fields; the extensive prospect all around, added to the retirement—were well calculated to put the Fancy in good humor. But this spot, it seems, was protected by a gate; and, although not guarded by the three heads of Old Cerberus, (but by Old Tom,) yet it was thought that the former hero of antiquity might have been much sooner gammoned to pass without an acknowledgment, than the vigilance of those who were stationed at this entrance. The signal for milling was at length announced; and it would be a libel upon the lads not to assert, that they attended the summons bang-up in spirits. This conduct was only according to etiquette, as the President of the Daffies was selected to be the umpire on this occasion. Dolly was well known to the ring, from his combats with Hares, Scroggins, and Cannon; and Abbot also, from defeating Hares and Jones, was considered a rising boxer. At half-past one, Smith threw up his hat in the ring, accompanied by his seconds, Randall and Owen; and Abbot, followed by Oliver and Shelton. There was also an outer roped ring; and two sacks of saw-dust were spread over the small ring, for the accommodation of the combatants. The ceremony of shaking hands took place, when the men set-to. 5 to 4 on Abbot.

Round 1. The men both appeared in good condition, but Abbot looked the best in every point of view. They were more cautious than was expected, and some long sparring occurred. If Smith had not hit first, Abbot, in all probability, would have remained on the defensive for an hour. Dolly, with his right hand, put a sharp bodier, which had it a little higher, must have floored his opponent, which Abbot returned short. Dolly hit and got away; when, after some exchanges, they closed, and Smith went down, and the claret was seen on his right eye. Loud shouting.

2. The caut on Abbot astonished the amateurs; and Dolly again hit and got away. Some blows were exchanged, and, in closing, Dolly again went down bleeding.

3. Dolly meant well towards punishing his opponent, and went to work with his right hand; but it was out of distance, and he was again on the ground.

4. Dolly was so short to get at Abbot, he could not nob him, and was always compelled to hit first. They closed, and some sharp fibbles occurred, when both went down, but Dolly undermost. 6 to 4 on Abbot; and the contented betters roared out 2 to 1.

5. The short arms of Dolly frequently failed in planting a blow. This was a tolerable round, and Smith received a severe hit, that sent him staggering away; but he recovered himself. In closing, Dolly paid away; but he went down, bleeding copiously.

6. Abbot made some feints; when, after a short round, Dolly was hit down. Bravo! and loud shouting.

7. Dolly came quite fresh to the scratch, but he received a heavy body hit that floored him. "Well done, Abbot."

8. This was a sharp round, and both down.

9. Both hit short. Long Sparring. In closing, some fibbing occurred, when Dolly broke away. More sparring. Abbot hit short, in closing at the ropes, Abbot hit Dolly down. Shouting, and "Bravo, Abbot!"

10. The expected smashing forte of Abbot was not seen, and he kept retreating till Dolly hit first, when he then let fly, frequently to advantage. Both down.

11. Dolly's mug was painted in every direction, while Abbot had not received a scratch. Some sharp fibbling, and Dolly the worst of it, and down.

12. Abbot never tried to take the lead, although he generally got the best of the round. He was the best in fighting, and Dolly now died copiously, till both went down.

13. Both down.

14. Dolly gave a good bodier; and, after some hard hitting, both again down.

15. Dolly put in a sharp snorter, that made Abbot's pimple rattle again. "Such another pretty boy," roared out Tom Owen, "is not to be seen in the ring." After some sharp exchanges, Dolly was sent down on the right side of his head.

16. The punishment on Dolly's mug was conspicuous. Both down.

17. The right eye of Dolly was nearly closed, and the blood was plentiful, that he could scarcely get rid of it from his mouth. Some sharp work in a close, but Dolly down. 33 minutes.

18. This was a good round, but the left hand of Dolly appeared of no use to him; and Abbot's right seemed tied to his shoulder. The latter waited with the greatest patience for the attacks of Dolly, which did not at all time shield him from heavy blows on the side of his neck and one of his jaws. In closing, some very severe fibbing occurred, when Dolly extricated himself with some talent. Two sharp counter hits. Dolly received a check, which put him in a dancing attitude, and he performed some new steps without the aid of music; but he at length recovered himself, and returned to the charge like a Waterloo Trump, and made so formidable a stand, that Abbot resorted to some long sparring. Dolly, however, got the worst of it, and he was floored. Shouting on both sides of the ring; and Smith shared the applause with his opponent.

19. To 24. In some of these rounds, when Dolly was breaking away, Abbot made several chops at him, but without doing any material execution. In the last round, Smith began to fight with both his hands, and the ear and neck of Abbot exhibited marks of heavy hitting. Both down.

20. Dolly was cleanly hit down. "Well done, my Cabbage Cutter; that's the way to finish it."

21. The dose was repeated by Abbot; and the claret from Dolly's mug was copious in the extreme.

22. To 32. Dolly never could effect any change; and Abbot was patiently waiting every round for Smith. The head of the latter was terrific.

23. Dolly had decidedly the best of this round. Both down.

24. Smith was down, but the round was in a most wretched slippery state. A Guinea to a shilling was off red, but this was thought more befitting the judgment.

25 to 39. Long sparring, and the partisans of Abbot roaring out for him to "go in." "No, no," says Rum Ould Mog, "he knows the advantage of keeping his distance better. I've mind me, he's what I call a distance cove. By the Lord Mayor we shall win it now, why it's Wellington to a dandy; ain't it, Dolly? Go along, my boy, with your left morley, and his pimple will be of no service to him." In spite, however, of all the encouragement of his lively second, Dolly was ultimately floored.

40 to 69. To detail the miseries of these rounds would be superfluous. Dolly at times made some sharp hits, but there was no alteration in his favor. The flesh waterman, of Hungerford notoriety, was so tired of the combat, that he made a boast he could do more execution in five minutes, than they had done during the whole time of fighting; but while this Knight of the Oak was so full of chaffing, and giving directions like a reconnoitering general, he lost sight of the safety of his own person, and his thimble was absent without leave.

70 to 127. The rain came down in torrents; but the mill went on with all the regularity of sunshine. Abbot showed nothing like a decisive fighter; and there was once or twice he did not like the nobbers he had received. Dolly, in the majority of these rounds, went down every round.

128 to 138 and last. It appeared, Dolly entertained an opinion that he could not lose it; and even after two hours, and a quarter had passed, he nodded satisfactorily to his friend, that his confidence had not deserted him. There was nothing interesting in the whole of these rounds to amateurs; and Dolly endeavored to tire out his adversary by going down, but without eff'et, when he at last said he could fight no more. Two hours and fifty-five minutes had elapsed.

Abbot was by no means a first-rate fighter; if he had any such pretensions, he ought to have beat Dolly "off hand." He was all caution; and his strength enabled him to last the longest. He was very glad when Dolly said "No!" It was one of the most fatiguing fights that ever occurred; and, added to the pitiless pelting showers, and the amateurs standing up to their knees in mud, the ring was almost deserted before the fight was ended. It was only the out-and-outs that remained. Dolly was a game man, and only wanted length of arm to have won the combat. To describe the pitiful appearance of the amateurs would have required the pencil of a Hogarth; they had not a dry thread about them. Abbot had scarcely a scratch upon his face; but was much distressed

towards the end, and led out of the ring. Smith was put to bed at the Barge House. Little betting occurred. Owing to the bad state of the weather, not a single shilling was collected for Dolly Smith; but he had a benefit given to him, under the patronage of some spirited amateurs. He suffered very much from Abbot falling upon him; and also, at one time, when the ring was beat out, he accidentally received a dreadful cut from a whip, upon his head.

### THE CONVICT.

To the south of Fort Cumberland, on the Hampshire coast, rises a little knoll of ground, from which the adjacent landscape assumes the most picturesque appearance. On one side, a gloomy morass dimly blackens the distant horizon; but to the right of the fort, the gently-swinging hills that stretch along the sea coast, assume fainter tints as they recede from the view, till at last they terminate in the deep blue ocean; beyond, at the very verge of distance, stands the gibbet on which the unhappy convicts were executed. It is situated on a bleak, desolate moor; and, as the moulderings remnants of the victims of justice swing loosely in the gale, or drop piecemeal on the earth, the sea birds scream around the spot, anxious for their prey, and presenting an image of unrelieved horror. When the day is stormy the dark waves dash against the hills, the sea frog rolls down their sides, and the artificial knoll of earth is wet with the spray that foams around it with resistless energy. The eye of the passing stranger is then perhaps attracted to the spot; for, when the lowlands are partially inundated, it rears its blue summits from the surrounding ocean. It is interesting to his feelings, from its utter desolation; but becomes sacred to his memory while he listens to the tale of sorrow connected with it which we have often heard in our infancy, and can never wholly obliterate.

About 30 years ago a young man, with an aged grandmother and her son, came to reside at a trifling distance from Fort Cumberland: they took up their abode at a small cottage in the neighborhood, and principally depended for subsistence on the precarious occupation of fishing. They had once been respectable tradesmen at Portsmouth; but a variety of unforeseen circumstances had reduced them to poverty, and compelled them to seek the security of solitude. For a few months after their arrival, the encouragement they received from the Fort, where they daily carried their baskets of fish, had restored them to comparative tranquility, when the unusual violence of some equinoctial gales, dashed their little fishing smack against the adjacent rocks, and rendered their humble occupation at once dangerous and profitless. To increase if possible their misery, the old lady, and the father of the young man, languished in the agony of extreme want, without either friends or relatives to succor them. He could have borne his own sorrows with firmness; but the sight of his dearest connections dying from positive exigency, and, sinking on their couch of sickness without even a mouthful of bread to eat, and scarcely a torn rag to shield them from the chilly night-air, drove him to the verge of distraction. When he saw the fading lustre in the eyes of his aged grandmother—her form slowly sinking in the grave, her wan looks imploring even one solitary meal to comfort her, and her pallid cheeks gradually assuming the cadaverous hue of death; his agony assumed the aspect of determined insanity. He seized the opportunity when his father, partially recovered from indisposition, had gone to petition the governor of the Fort for relief, to station himself by the high road, with the intention of wresting money from each traveller, for the purpose of future provision. With a brace of horse pistols in his pocket, he sallied out from the cottage to put his nefarious designs into immediate execution. The night was well adapted to the occasion; it was dark and stormy; and the continued roar of the ocean waves, and the solitary shriek of the sea-bird, increased the natural gloom of the scene. The young man, in the meantime, hastened trembling onward, and his mind assumed a stern resolution from the corresponding influence of the night-prospect. A tempest had already commenced; the hollow-sounding thunder echoed along the dim arch of heaven, and the lightning flashed with splendor around him. As he passed the lonely gibbet, under which the bones of unburied malefactors were yet bleaching, and heard the sullen swing of the chains to which a moulderings skeleton was attached, he imagined his own similar situation in case of detection, and his boasted courage for the first time failed him. The storm, meanwhile, raged with unabated violence, and a broad stream of lightning shone dimly through the ghastly skeleton, whose whitening bones hung dangling in the wind. At this instant the noise of approaching footsteps was heard echoing across the heath; the sounds advanced nearer; and a dark figure, wholly muffled up in a night-cloak, stood by the side of the robber. He drew the pistol from its hiding place, and the stranger moved slowly on; twice he attempted to pull the trigger and twice it trembled in his grasp. The courage of despair came at length to his assistance; he thought of his dying grandmother; his own father starving in utter hopelessness; and the thought smote on his phrenetic imagination. He fired; and, with a deep suppressed groan of anguish, the death-choked voice of which rushed full on his racked brain, the stranger dropped lifeless at his feet. Agitated with a variety of contending emotions, he bore the ensanguined body to his cottage, and placed it on a chair, until he should return with a lantern to dispossess it of its money and wearing apparel.

47. This was a good round, but the left hand of Dolly appeared of no use to him; and Abbot's right seemed tied to his shoulder. The latter waited with the greatest patience for the attacks of Dolly, which did not at all time shield him from heavy blows on the side of his neck and one of his jaws. In closing, some very severe fibbing occurred, when Dolly extricated himself with some talent. Two sharp counter hits. Dolly received a check, which put him in a dancing attitude, and he performed some new steps without the aid of music; but he at length recovered himself, and returned to the charge like a Waterloo Trump, and made so formidable a stand, that Abbot resorted to some long sparring. Dolly, however, got the worst of it, and he was floored. Shouting on both sides of the ring; and Smith shared the applause with his opponent.

48. The expected smashing forte of Abbot was not seen, and he kept retreating till Dolly hit first, when he then let fly, frequently to advantage. Both down.

49. Both hit short. Long Sparring. In closing, some fibbing occurred, when Dolly broke away. More sparring. Abbot hit short, in closing at the ropes, Abbot hit Dolly down. Shouting, and "Bravo, Abbot!"

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69. The guards were able to secure him; stratagem at length prevailed, and he was removed on board the convict ship that was stationed off the coast opposite Fort Cumberland. The bodies of the mother and her son were quietly committed to the grave, and the circumstances of the dreadful transaction remembered but as a dream that once was.

Time rolled on; and as the hour of his trial approached, the spirits of the poor maniac seemed likely to settle into a calm melancholy. The heavy clogs that had hitherto been attached to his feet, were now therefore removed, and he was permitted to occupy the cabin that looked out upon the sea-shore. Here he would sit for hours, watching the vessels as they passed to and fro, and weeping at the remembrance of former days. At a distance was the gibbet, the scene at once of his guilt, and its probable punishment. A shudder of horror passed over his countenance whenever he beheld it, and the wildness of insanity again took possession of his soul. But, when the fit was passed, tears would sometimes come to his relief, and he would weep alone in silence. His disposition, naturally generous and kind-hearted, appeared softened by misfortune, and even his brother convicts would feel for so lonely a situation, as they saw him, with eyes fixed on vacancy, muttering and talking to himself. His health, in the meantime, failed; and it was evident, from the increasing depression of his spirits, and the hectic glow of his complexion, that "his days were numbered in the land." For himself, he seemed always to rejoice in the prospect of approaching death, and a faint smile would often pass across his face, as he surveyed his wasted features, and felt the increasing languor of his frame. As the hour of his dissolution arrived, he wished for the last time to behold the grave where all that was once dear to him lay buried. With this visionary idea he seized the fitting opportunity, when the windows of his cabin were thrown open, and the guards had returned for the night, to emancipate himself from the slight shackles that bound him, and swim to the neighboring shore.

At the dead hour of midnight, lights were seen moving in the convict ship the alarm bell was rung, the thunder of cannon echoed across the ocean, and the universal confusion of the guards and seamen announced the escape of the prisoner. A well-manned boat, in

## THEATRICAL RECORD.

Memories, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

## BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.

The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:  
 Indianapolis, Ind., Stephen Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m  
 Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker. 41  
 No. 12 North street, basement. 41  
 Albany, N. Y. .... J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 20-9m  
 Troy, N. Y. .... A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 23-6m  
 Boston. .... Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-8m

## AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.

444 444 444 BROADWAY.  
 The cheapest and most agreeable place of amusement in the world.

## LOTS OF FUN.

THE ONLY PLACE IN THE CITY TO GET A GOOD LAUGH.

SEVERAL NEW AND BEAUTIFUL BALLOTS

PAUL BRILLIANT THE VETERAN BAROQUE OF TERPSICHORE.

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ANY QUANTITY OF AMUSING BURLESQUES.

CHARLEY WHITE'S MISCHIEVOUS NIGGER.

MISCHIEVOUS NIGGER. MISCHIEVOUS NIGGER.

ARLINGTON'S ESSENCE.

ARLINGTON'S UNRIVALLED ESSENCE.

JOE CHILDS, THE GREAT CLOG DANCER.

JENNY ENGEL R. HART.

W. QUINN. W. QUINN.

MIKE MCKENNA M. TURNER.

MARY BLAKE, EMILY LEMAIRE, MILLIE FLORA, KATE HARRISON, EMMA SCHELL, BATTLE ENGL, MONNEL FLORENCE, &c., together with a SPLENDID AND EFFICIENT ORCHESTRA.

JOHN MULLIGAN, ANDREW J. LEAVITT, THE original Bob Ridley, THE renewed Banjoist, CLARA HARRINGTON.

ALBERT BRAHAM, TONY PASTOR, MISS EMILY LEMAIRE, MR. NORMON, DENNY GALLAGHER, MONS. VELARDE, MISS KAUFMAN, MISS KATE FRANCIS, CHARLEY GARDNER, F. SPEAR, W. S. BUDWORTH.

THE GREAT BALLET TRouPE! THE GREAT BALLET TRouPE!

UNQUESTIONABLY THE LARGEST IN THE COUNTRY!

ADMISSION: Dress Circle and Parquet. .... 25 cts. 1 gallery. .... 18 cts. Orchestra Chairs. .... 35 cts. Private Boxes. .... \$4.00 ROBERT W. BUTLER, So're Lessee and Proprietor.

MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN, The most versatile artiste in the world!

Those recent engagements throughout the West have proved her to be the most attractive Star now before the public, having ap-

peared nightly before the largest and most enthusiastic audiences of the season, is now playing at the

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Letters must be addressed to this office, (in care of FRANK QUEEN.)

BURTS' VARIETIES, BRO. KLYN, Cor. of Fulton and Pineapple streets. Proprietor.

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NEW FACES! NEW ACTS!! EVERYTHING NEW!!!

We will adhere to the old motto—

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New Novelties every week. Songs, Dances, Operatic Burlesques, &c., &c. Admission, 10 cents; Orchestra Seats, 20 cents. 11-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINT ST E L S

Have closed their Opera House, Boston, for the season, and re-open August 1st, 1861, entirely remodelled. During the summer the company will visit the principal cities in the Canadas and Eastern States, commencing in Montreal, at

MECHANICS' HALL, Tuesday evening, May 21st, and continue until further notice.

LOW MORRIS, Manager.

FARR & THOMPSON'S (LATE) THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, From Broadway N. Y.

FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS! Selected from the side of the profession, and pronounced by the entire Press and public to be the best.

NE PLUS ULTRA OF ALL MINSTREL ORGANIZATIONS, Will have the honor of appearing in all the Principal cities and towns in the United States and Canada, during the summer.

The undersigned have now the members of the ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, who expect the company under the proprietorship of W. A. Christy, who retired from the company upon the 12th of June, 1861, and for a consideration gave this company the exclusive use of the name of "Christy's Minstrels."

Respectfully, FARR & THOMPSON.

LIST OF ARTISTES.

Carley Lewis, Frank Kyle, Chas. Carries, J. C. Brimmer, Andy Morris, W. McCracken, Matt. Ainsworth, Matt. Thomas, Geo. Gray, J. H. Roberts, Mast. E. Florence, Geo. Chilcott, & Suberford, L. E. Whitmore.

HARRY LAURENCE, Agent.

WM. L. FARR, Manager.

11 If

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Proprietor and Manager. .... MR. T. MAGUIRE.

Stage Manager. MR. J. DOWLING, Treasurer. .... MR. HAND.

Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.

Prices of Admission:

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats. .... One Dollar.

Parquet. .... 50 Cents. 1 gallery. .... 25 Cents. 3 if

LITTLE ROCK THEATRE FOR RENT.—For Minstrel's and Exhibitions of all kinds, until the 23rd day of October, when the theatrical season commences, and continue until the 23rd day of March, 1862. Persons wishing to engage the Theatre, for exhibitions, &c., or for the theatrical season, will please address

theatre, Little Rock, Ark. 24

A NEW METHOD FOR LEARNING TO PLAY ON THE BANJO.—For \$5, I will warrant to learn any person to play 25 tunes BY NOTE, ON THE BANJO.

Sent to any address, on receipt of the above amount, post paid, by addressing [125\*]. M. M. MORRIES, Lowell, Mass.

WARNING TO MANAGERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!—The undersigned, who believes that during a managerial career of many years, he has faithfully fulfilled to the letter, every engagement made by him, desires to place his brother managers on their guard, by directing their attention to the following facts:—

Between Signorina Annetta Galetti, the dancuse, and himself, an engagement was made in March last—the lady to appear with his company at the Howard Atheneum, Boston, for four weeks, commencing July 1st. Money was given the lady for her passage. At the last moment she has, w/out cause or reason, seen fit to cancel her contract, by letter, offering no explanation for her conduct, at once unprofessional and unlady-like. Fortunately the undersigned was at once able to replace her by a superior artiste yet, with no animosity towards one who has, in such a manner broken faith with him, he still deems it his duty to let the managers of America know what reliance may be put upon the signature of the lady he thus reluctantly compelled to publish.

FRANK RIVERS, Manager.

Howard Atheneum, Boston, and Melodeon Phila.

13-41

CONCEM ROOM AGENCY.—Wanted, for city engagements, lady Vocalists, Dancers, Operatic performers, and Comic Singers, Address, enclosing \$1.00 and R. Stamps, to 89 West Houston street, New York. 12-14

J. CONNER.

CARD PHOTOGRAPHS WANTED.—In certain dress' of Barney Williams, Blaik Southern, Peters, Gen. Holton, Geo. Cristy, E. P. Christy, Dave Wambold, T. D. Rice, Leut. Prendergast, Col. Kerrigan, Col. Corcoran, Eph. Horn, Cool White, Charley White, Andy Sheehan, Wm. Mulligan, James Hughes, Oville Gardner, Michael Phelan, Mons. Berger, John Scorer, Josh Ward, Sam Rankin, Dominick Bradley, Mickey Warren, Fred Wilson, S. S. Sanford, J. W. Farmer, John Grindell, Hiram Woodruff, Ten Pie Johnny, Geo. Boniface, G. L. Fox, J. H. Allen, Hernandez, Sharpie, Heenan, Hyer, Morrissey, Cusick, Aaron Jones, Ned Price, Harry Howard, John Decker, Mat Gooderson, with any other celebrities that have not appeared in New York. Address, stating terms per single copy and place of sale.

E. JAMES, CLIPPER OFFICE, 20 Ann St.

THE OLD FOUNTAIN SHADES,

172 NW CANAL STREET.

The noted House for first class Ales, Rabbits, &c. W. HITCHCOOK

has the pleasure to inform his friends that he has retained the above house, and is again the proprietor, and having it in a superior stock of Ales, Wines, and Liquors, invites his friends and patrons to try their superiority. All communications for the Concert Room respecing engagements, to be addressed as above. If Miss Nelly Tay or wishes an engagement, she can find one at a good salary, by applying personally.

14-15

The Misses NELSON, (CARRY and SARA) in answer to their numerous correspondents, beg to state, that they are sejouring in Europe for one month, where all communications for the fall and winter seasons will reach them.

14-3\*

## BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.

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This favorite company of Ethiopian Minstrels, under the management of

DAN AND NEIL BRYANT,

Will appear for a short season, at the

BOSTON MUSEUM.

COMMENCING ON MONDAY JULY 22, IN THEIR NEW VARIETY

OF SONGS, DANCES, BURLESQUES, COMICALITIES, &c. 14-15

REPLY TO FRANZ RIVERS.—There are always two sides to a story, one being good & the other is bad. Some time ago Mr. Rivers engaged Signorita Galetti to go to Boston for a period of six weeks, and advanced her five dollars to pay her passage. So good. Before the time arrived for the lady to leave New York, however, word came from several of Mr. Rivers' company, who had left him employ on account of not getting their pay, that things were in a very bad plight. This somewhat alarmed the lady, and upon consulting with friends, the written contract was brought to light, when it was found that the honorable gentleman, taking advantage of her ignorance of the English language, had worded it so that it bound her to fulfil her part, but left him entirely free; or, in other words, the contract read for six weeks, *more or less*. When this was explained to the lady, she returned Mr. Rivers his five dollars, and declined all further intercourse with him. Signorita Galetti is a lady in every sense of the word, and is more capable of keeping her word than the said Rivers, as there is abundant proof of it here. Facts are stubborn things, and of Mr. Rivers' views inclined to follow this thing up, we will get them to his heart's content.

BROADWAY MUSIC HALL (late W. Black's Theatre).

433 & 435 BROADWAY.

One door below Broome Street.

OPEN EVERY EVENING.

WITH THE LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY EVER

CONCENTRATED IN ANY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT

IN THE WORLD.

POWERFUL CONCERTATION OF ATTRACTIONS!

CONTINUED SUCCESS OF

SIGNORITA ANNETTA GALETTI,

The greatest Dancer that has ever appeared in America.

JOHN MULLIGAN, ANDREW J. LEAVITT,

The original Bob Ridley, THE renewed Banjoist.

CLARA HARRINGTON.

ALBERT BRAHAM, TONY PASTOR.

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(LATE)

THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,

From Broadway N. Y.

# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

111

stay in the city, its present performances being the very thing for the season. The bill for the current week consists of "Taming a Tarter," the new ballet "La Nymph des Bois," and a Spanish Ballet, entitled "La Majique Savane." In the first, Miss Salie J. Bishop, comedienne and dancer, makes her debut as Mizouka.

R. H. J., our correspondent at Camp Princeton, Arlington Heights, writing under date of July 12, says:—**FRIENDS QUENCH**—Thus far into the bowels of the Old Dutchman have we marched, and but few of the F. V.—Foolish Friends of Virginia—have dared to offer opposition to our progress, nor will they, we are thinking, for soon the old hero of Mexico it is expected, will order us to advance with the battle-cry of "RICHMOND and Victory!" The boys expect to quarter in Richmond before the expiration of the month. So mote it be! That true doge of Jeff Davis' didn't work, it seems as Old Abe couldn't see the point; consequently, J. Stark has gained much by his "little arrangement." The Amateurs, Messrs. Beatty, Wallace, Pollock, Florence, Norman, W. son, Gordon, etc., left Washington on the 7th inst., for Harper's Ferry, and appeared in the best of spirits. I believe there are about twenty-five amateurs in the 12th Regiment, N. Y. S. M., fourteen of whom are in company. Big thing for the Amateurs. Among them are Harry Howard—stage name—a prominent member of the Burton Dramatic Association. A weekly dose of the Clipper's cargo, is as good to them as home breakfast. The theatre at Washington is doing a good business, the company being very well k'd. "The Invisible Prince" still keeps the boards, and bids fair to retain possession of it for some time to come. "Beauty and the Beast," and "Aladdin" are both underlined for next week.

Prof. Harrington, who has been attending to his farm at North Chelsea, Mass., since the war commenced, emerged from his leisure on the 4th, and by engagement with the Boston City Government, gave five performances before the children of the public schools—12,500 tickets being received from the happy little ones. He repeated the same on the 8th, under the auspices of Rev. C. F. Barnard, of the Warren Street Chapel, when those unable to gain admission on the 4th received tickets.

George Fauncey is organizing a company for the fall campaign. Myron Company has broken up, and he has purchased a large liquor saloon in Providence.

M. H. A. F. try'd to take a benefit at the Opera House, San Francisco, about the 15th inst., when Mr. J. Stark, the tragedian, performed Sir Edward Mortimer in the play of "The Iron Chest." The audience, it is said, was good.

Mr. Charles Wheatley had made his return bow at the Opera House, San Francisco, and stately after his arrival from Australia, Bourneville's "Osterville" was the play, in which Mr. W. sustained the part of Solomon Scudder.

Robert McWade, formerly low comedian at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, is now playing a very different kind of "bit"—a soldier, but not a star, a warrior. To be brief, McWade has joined the army, and is now a non-commissioned officer in the Mozart Regiment, of New York.

Dixie & Green's Minstrels are rusticking at Providence, R. I., where they will remain during the summer, giving an occasional entertainment at Rocky Point.

Van Amburgh & Co. showed at Cohoes, C. W., on the 11th, according to announcement in the Clipper, and had a good attendance, notwithstanding bad weather.

The Naiad Queen has so far answered the expectations of the Metropolitan, Buffalo, as to warrant the manager in keeping it on this week. John Elister's benefit, on the 12th, is said to have been well attended.

The Stereopticon, at the Boston Museum, has not done very well, averaging \$20 to \$30 a night.

Lev J. North's Circus shows at Coborne, C. W., on the 17th inst.

English's dramatic company has returned to Boston, to swell the quota of unemployed professionals in that city.

A. Griffith, Soak's avary elocutionist and author, gave his first reading in Adrian, Mich., on the 9th of July.

J. Clark Wells, of the Varieties, St. Joseph, Mo., den's that he is not doing much. He says that he has never done better. Now, friend Wells, we are glad to find that you are doing so well, and hope your prosperity may continue.

Far & Thompson's Minstrels had a full house at Adrian, Mich., on the 4th of July. They have since gone to Illinois and Wisconsin.

Mr. Barrow, we understand, is in Boston, endeavoring to induce a company to visit Halifax, under his management; they to pay their own passage. War makes great changes.

What is described as a "new sensation song," and called "The Colleen Bawn," has been published in London of late. Why not have a similar production in New York, in honor of "The Seven Sisters?" Let the lady Laura and good Tom Baker look to it.

A new and general occupation has been found for some of the police officers of London—namely, the playing in bands at the favorite resorts in the neighborhood of the metropolis. The division known as the G's is said to have signalized itself in a peculiar manner in this way. It's to be hoped it will continue to do so, and bring out the G in both the major and minor with all due force and expression.

In St. Louis, our correspondent "Seneca" gives a deplorable account of business affairs in that city. He says:—"The Opera House is still an Opera House, but its 'son of Musc' has fled; its whorish patrons of the Teutonic persuasion have left the delights of Limerick and Lager, sausages and black bread." Bernstein, late the Thesmorchian, sausage and black bread man, has now in all the pomp and majesty of glorious god, don't lead us now in all the "pomp and majesty of glorious god." Canterbury Hall is now the only place of amusement open in the city, and though the business is fair, it is not at all commensurate with the really good entertainments offered. So far, Geo. Deagle has spared no pains in making this by far the best place of amusement of the kind in the western country..... General business here is at a perfect stand-still, with no immediate prospect of a change for the better, and unless a change does soon come, we will all have to become soldier-men or starve. You can have no conception of the change in one branch of business alone—steamboating. I will try to give you a faint idea. In 1857 there plied to and from this port in regular trade six hundred and forty-two steamboats, many of them being of 1,000 tons burthen and upwards. Now, there are about ten boats running, and half of these losing money. Should this war continue, millions of dollars will be lost, invested in steamboats which will idly rot. Haycon days, when pilots received two and three hundred dollars a trip, have gone forever. Those erst familiar faces of the players are gone, heaven knows where, leaving but a shadow to remind us that we had them with us. That shadow (Ben DeBar) we met upon the street a day or two ago. It was hot very hot, and round a shadow have spoken we should have imagined it sighing, "Oh, this too solid flesh." We are wrong—the shadow of the shadow was along.

A number of English professors (including Mr. W. Bard, Miss Louise Bland, Mrs. Clara Tibbet, Mr. Thomas Brazier, Mr. James Lester, Mr. John Howard, and Mr. W. Band) recently arrived at Cape Town, C. G. H., and joined the theatre opened there a few days prior, by Mr. S. Perry.

Yankee Robinson's Show was at Adrian, Mich., on the 11th inst.; afternoon at 2 p.m.; evening, tent filed.

Mr. Lewis B. Ker was to have taken a benefit at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 15th inst., the theatre being opened for that purpose. Mrs. F. Fisher Baker, and Mr. Clarke, appear.

There is a dearth of amusements in Philadelphia, all the theatres being closed, as well as several of the concert, and minstrel halls.

## AMATEUR THEATRICALS

THE AVONITES meet every Tuesday evening at 211 8th Avenue. HARRY EAMES, President.

AMATEURS IN PHILADELPHIA.—Several members of the Boethian Dramatic Club, of the Quaker city, having gone to the war, that club has suspended operations for the present. On the 9th inst., the following named gentlemen were elected as officers of the Wheatley Dramatic Association: Frank Oeggers, President; J. Noot, Vice President; R. Savage, Secretary; J. Gallagher, Treasurer; D. W. Farro, Stage Manager; J. Cassidy, Prompter; E. Huish, Jr., Property man. David Beath is the Scenic Artist of the Association, and is now engaged in painting new scenery.

## BALL PLAY.

EUREKA VS ENTERPRISE OF BROOKLYN.—The third contest between these clubs, the first two of which were played last season—took place on the grounds of the Gotham club, at Hoboken, on Wednesday, July 10th, on which occasion the Eureka succeeded in obtaining a signal victory over the noted Enterprise club of Brooklyn; and it was a well deserved triumph, for never did a club strive more earnestly for success, or achieve it in a more skillful manner than did the Eureka on this occasion. Their fielding was admirable, every position on the field being capably attended to, and so well did they work together, that it is quite a difficult matter to make any selection for special remark, where all did so well. But there were two or three plays made that were so superior in their character that we cannot help noticing them. One was the putting out of Leland, in the 31st inning, when Northrop fielded the ball to Linen, who was running to 1st base to receive it, Linen catching the ball on the run in beautiful style, and touching the base before Leland could reach it. Another fine play was that of Pennington in stopping a beautiful ground ball from Crane's bat, and fielding it in time to 1st base to put him out. Pum, at 31 base, too, fielded two balls admirably to 1st base. In fact, the fielding of the Eureka throughout the game was first class, and their batting, also, in several instances Pennington marked his play in this respect, with a clean home run, besides reaching his 31 base on his left field. Brientall, too, reached his 31 by a fine hit to center field, and would have made a home run had he not stopped on the 3d base temporarily, no home run being made, as the "rule runs" did not count without a home run. Thomas had the same things, reaching his 3d from a fine hit to the centre field; and so did Oliver, but getting home from the 3d the ball passing the catcher after they had stopped on the 3d base. On the part of the Enterprise men, we would specially mention the play of Crane, Start and Chapman, as worthy of particular notice for excellence; these players being the only ones of the nine that obtained runs, Crane marked his play with three, one of which was a clean home run. The fielding of Crane at 3d, and Start at 1st base, was admirable, and Chapman's play as catcher was first rate. Just as requires that we should stop here in our praise of the play of the Enterprise nine, for except an isolated case or two, none other at all came up to their usual standard, in this match, either in fielding or batting. The E. club possess themselves in the persons of their pitcher, a player pretty capable of making himself prominent in the position, but until he adds regularity of delivery, and capacity to control the direction of the ball thoroughly, to the power he possesses of pitching a swift ball, he need never hope to become a second Crighton. Merely swift pitching is "played out"; speed alone is of no advantage—unless accompanied with regular delivery and considerable twist to the ball, in which case it becomes very effective, otherwise a more moderate speed with these other re-

quites is far preferable. We were a little surprised to see such an experienced ball player as Mr. A. B. Taylor pass over the peculiar movement of Earl in throwing to the bases, and decide it as "no baulk." According to our reading of the rule on the subject a planer baulk was never made than the movement of Earl in this match. True, he does not "draw back his hand," but he unquestionably "moves with the apparent purpose and pretension of delivering the ball," and then turns and throws it to the base, and if this does not constitute a baulk, we know not what does. Mr. Taylor was evidently in doubt on the subject, because once, when appealed to as before "no baulk," but added, *sotto voce*, "unless all are faults," which they undoubtedly were.

The assemblage of spectators to witness this match was the most numerous of the season, and the crowd was evidently an appreciative one, judging from the judicious manner in which they applauded the instances of skillful play that were shown. We trust soon to see the Eurekas again in the field, for their admirable play afforded us quite a treat. The score in full is as follows:

### ENTERPRISE. — EUREKA.

NAMES. H. L. RUNS NAMES. H. L. RUNS  
O'Neil ..... 4 0 Pennington ..... 24 4  
Earl, p. ..... 4 0 Linen ..... 3 4  
Start, 1st b. ..... 3 1 Littlewood, e. f. ..... 5 2  
Oddie, 2d b. ..... 4 0 Callaway, r. f. ..... 3 4  
Crane, 3d b. ..... 1 3 Northrup, 1st b. ..... 1 5  
Chapman, ss. ..... 2 1 Brientall, c. ..... 3 2  
South, 11. ..... 3 0 Pum, 3d b. ..... 2 3  
Leeland, o. f. ..... 3 0 Oliver, 1f. ..... 4 2  
McGeiggs, r. f. ..... 3 0 Thomas, s.s. ..... 4 1

### BATTING.

NAMES. H. L. RUNS NAMES. H. L. RUNS  
A. B. Taylor, 2b. ..... 3 4 J. Sheppard, e. f. ..... 2 3  
Stephens, 1st b. ..... 3 5 Many, 1f. ..... 4 0  
Hunt, 2d b. ..... 4 3 Westervelt, c. ..... 2 1  
Bogert, 3d b. ..... 4 3 W. Sheppard, 2d b. ..... 3 2  
Mott, 1f. ..... 1 5 Ryer, p. ..... 2 2  
H. B. Taylor, r. f. ..... 3 4 Wilson, s.s. ..... 4 1  
Harris, p. ..... 3 4 Simons, 1b. ..... 4 1  
Spence, c. f. ..... 4 3 Lockwood, 3d b. ..... 2 2  
McMahon, ..... 2 5 Selmes, r. f. ..... 4 1

stop, throwing accurately to Stephens, who was equally effective at base. The positions in the outer field were all capably attended to, and so were the 2d and 3d bases. A. B. Taylor's play at 2d base being of the tallest kind. In one respect he is like the Southern Editors, he stretches enormously. Mr. Forsyth discharged the duties of umpire in a satisfactory manner; and, like it altogether, the game was quite an enjoyable one to all parties, for the Alpine seemed to take their defeat very good humoredly. The score is as follows:

### MUTUAL.

NAMES. H. L. RUNS NAMES. H. L. RUNS  
A. B. Taylor ..... 21 b. ..... 3 4 J. Sheppard, e. f. ..... 2 3  
Stephens, 1st b. ..... 3 5 Many, 1f. ..... 4 0  
Hunt, 2d b. ..... 4 3 Westervelt, c. ..... 2 1  
Bogert, 3d b. ..... 4 3 W. Sheppard, 2d b. ..... 3 2  
Mott, 1f. ..... 1 5 Ryer, p. ..... 2 2  
H. B. Taylor, r. f. ..... 3 4 Wilson, s.s. ..... 4 1  
Harris, p. ..... 3 4 Simons, 1b. ..... 4 1  
Spence, c. f. ..... 4 3 Lockwood, 3d b. ..... 2 2  
McMahon, ..... 2 5 Selmes, r. f. ..... 4 1

Total ..... 26 Total ..... 12

### ALPINE.

NAMES. H. L. RUNS NAMES. H. L. RUNS  
A. B. Taylor ..... 21 b. ..... 3 4 J. Sheppard, e. f. ..... 2 3  
Stephens, 1st b. ..... 3 5 Many, 1f. ..... 4 0  
Hunt, 2d b. ..... 4 3 Westervelt, c. ..... 2 1  
Bogert, 3d b. ..... 4 3 W. Sheppard, 2d b. ..... 3 2  
Mott, 1f. ..... 1 5 Ryer, p. ..... 2 2  
H. B. Taylor, r. f. ..... 3 4 Wilson, s.s. ..... 4 1  
Harris, p. ..... 3 4 Simons, 1b. ..... 4 1  
Spence, c. f. ..... 4 3 Lockwood, 3d b. ..... 2 2  
McMahon, ..... 2 5 Selmes, r. f. ..... 4 1

Total ..... 26 Total ..... 12

### FIELDING.

NAMES. H. L. RUNS NAMES. H. L. RUNS  
A. B. Taylor ..... 21 b. ..... 3 4 J. Sheppard, e. f. ..... 2 3  
Stephens, 1st b. ..... 3 5 Many, 1f. ..... 4 0  
Hunt, 2d b. ..... 4 3 Westervelt, c. ..... 2 1  
Bogert, 3d b. ..... 4 3 W. Sheppard, 2d b. ..... 3 2  
Mott, 1f. ..... 1 5 Ryer, p. ..... 2 2  
H. B. Taylor, r. f. ..... 3 4 Wilson, s.s. ..... 4 1  
Harris, p. ..... 3 4 Simons, 1b. ..... 4 1  
Spence, c. f. ..... 4 3 Lockwood, 3d b. ..... 2 2  
McMahon, ..... 2 5 Selmes, r. f. ..... 4 1

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Mott, 1f. ..... 1 5 Ryer, p. ..... 2 2  
H. B. Taylor, r. f. ..... 3 4 Wilson, s.s. ..... 4 1  
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Total ..... 26 Total ..... 12

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Bogert, 3d b. ..... 4 3 W. Sheppard, 2d b. ..... 3 2  
Mott, 1f. ..... 1 5 Ryer, p. ..... 2 2  
H. B. Taylor, r. f. ..... 3 4 Wilson, s.s.

## THE GREAT SNITS MERCHANT.

TEN—Villiers and his Dina.

Uncle Sam getting tired of trying to please  
The rebels down South, in treason at ease,  
Called out his brave soldiers, determined that he  
Would bring the scamps back to their old fealty.

**CHOICE**—For snits are dried apples, dried apples are snits;  
They're made of green apples cut up into bits;  
These bits are all dried in the oven or sun,  
Then strung up on long strings, just so, every ora.

A gay grocer stood at his store door one day,  
And thus to himself was this chap heard to say:  
"We're going to have war, and as times will be dull,  
At Uncle Sam's strong box I'll have a good pull."

For snits are dried apples, &amp;c.

Dried apples are cheap now, I'll buy up a lot,  
These I'll sell Uncle Sam for the cash on the spot,  
And by moving round briskly I think I can bring,  
Out of Southern dried apples a very good thing.

For snits are dried apples, &amp;c.

I know the Governor and to him he said:  
"I know that the soldiers have plenty of bread,  
But if you would fill them up brim full of spunk,  
I have something far better and cheaper than junk."

For snits are dried apples, &amp;c.

"What is it, I pray you?" the Gay nor inquired;  
Up rose the gay grocer, as tho' Heaven inspired,  
Said he: "For the army every body admits,  
There's nothing prepared half so easy as snits."

For snits are dried apples, &amp;c.

"You give to each soldier a pint in the morn,  
At noon you supply him with water that's warm,  
It causes the snits to expand and to swell,  
Which answers for supper, you see, very well."

For snits are dried apples, &amp;c.

"Ga-lo-ri-ous, by Jove!" the brave Gov' nor exclaimed,  
"For one of my Colonies you ought to be named,  
These snits for the troops of the State will suffice,  
Pray, tell me, my dear sir, what will be the price?"

For snits are dried apples, &amp;c.

"The price is so low, I'm afraid you will laugh:  
You shall have all you want at six cents and a half,  
A pint is a pound, so you see it will pay—  
You can feed the State troops on just six cents a day."

For snits are dried apples, &amp;c.

The bargain for snits was then closed on the spot!  
It suited the gay grocer just to a dot,

And as he walked home, he remarked with a laugh:

"Every pound of these snits costs four cents and half."

For snits are dried apples, &amp;c.

When the soldiers came back they sought out the mean scamp,  
Who sent them the snits while they staid in the camp;

They made him eat two quarts, then warm water to cure'd,

The dried apples swelled, and the grocer "burst up."

For snits are dried apples, &amp;c.

Now all you gay grocers who have a desire,  
On your virtuous beds like good men to expire,  
Don't sell snits to the army for fear you'll be cur'd,  
And make like this grocer to eat and to burst.

For snits are dried apples, &amp;c.

They're made of green apples cut up into bits;

But when sold to the army of Old Uncle Sam,

At double the price, they the seller will damn.

## THE HAZARD TABLE; OR, "SEVEN'S THE MAIN." NO FICTION.

I well remember the night when, at the request of his mother, I set out to look into one of the private gambling houses of New York for the dearest friend of my college days. Henry Villiers, in mind as well as person, was eminently calculated to conciliate the affections of all around him; and I thought he must be changed indeed, if I could not win him back from the fatal pursuit to which he had addicted himself, to the bosom of a family by whom he was almost idolized. He had not been at home for some days, and his absence had created the most serious apprehensions. I had undertaken to remove them.

It was at the end of a severe January in the year —

For two days previous a snow-storm had raged with unfeigned violence; the streets were everywhere covered to a depth of from three to four feet; and when a projecting corner or accidental winding had created a particular current of air, the drift had risen to a height even dangerous to the incautious walker. It had just commenced to thaw, and the cold was much more intense than it had been during the frost. With an involuntary shudder, I wrapped my cloak more closely round me, and with unsteady steps waded through the masses of melting snow, in which, at each moment, I sank above the ankle.

I might, perhaps, have been inclined to turn, for the chill of the night seemed but to second the internal struggle with which I committed myself to the dens of infamy and vice; but that image of the aged mother, as she wept in all the agony of hopeless solitude over the blighted prospect of her son, rose freshly before me; I heard the heart-thrilling tones with which she called on the absent Villiers—"my lost, my ruined child," still ringing in my ears; and I hurried on, with the determination that no effort of mine should be wanting to restore that child to her arms. If I needed any additional inducement, I had but to recall the silent anguish of Miss Villiers, and I felt armed for any conflict of mind or body to which I could possibly be exposed. I pursued my way, therefore, down R— street, with renewed energy. The heavy damp on the lamps, completely obscured their brilliancy, and left hardly light sufficient to show the pallid and shivering forms of the wretched victims of vice, whom the cravings of want had driven out even on such a night as this to earn a miserable subsistence. I shuddered at the solicitations, in which the utmost efforts could not conceal the hollow tones of hunger and disease; and, turning from the costly avenue of begilded fashionable commerce, I passed into the first of a succession of streets which were to lead me to the object of my search.

A series of involved turnings led me, after a walk of some five or ten minutes, to a retired street, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as the place I was in quest of. I gazed anxiously around to discover the house to which I was directed, but the uniformity of all those near me, presented almost insuperable difficulties. The lower part of the house seemed, from the close outside shutters, to partake of the nature of a shop, whilst the windows of the upper stories gave promise of comfort very inviting to those whom the label of "Furnished or Unfurnished Apartments," might tempt to look toward them.

I pressed my hand against my bosom to ascertain if the pistols with which I had armed myself, were still there, firmly grasped my stick, and crossed to examine more closely the house opposite. There was no appearance of a door, yet I was convinced it was the place I sought, and I moved a few steps aside to search for an entrance, when a tall figure wrapped like myself in a cloak, crossed the street, approached me closely, and a voice in rather gentlemanly tones though marked with a slight Irish accent, said, "this is the house, I think, sir."

The question tallied so completely with what was passing in my own mind, that I answered involuntarily,

"I believe so."

My new acquaintance, however, seemed, notwithstanding his remark, to entertain no doubts on the subject; for, turning short into a very narrow passage, which the darkness had hitherto prevented me from observing, he approached a small door, or rather, panel in the side-wall, and knocked three times gently. I kept close by his side. We heard the grating of iron, as a chain was thrown inside across the entrance. The door was then opened so far as to permit a strong glare of light to fall upon us, and a face was protruded through the opening which accurately reconnoitered the person of my companion, who stood foremost. The scrutiny seemed satisfactory, so far as he was concerned; but a short whisper ensued, in which the phrases, "new face," "fresh stranger,"

were barely audible. The door was then opened to its full width, scarcely sufficient, indeed, to admit us singly, and I found we were in a small hall, between the outside entrance and an inner door completely covered with cloth, and surmounted by a brilliant lamp. The attendant turned a spring key in the lock, and ushered us on a very narrow staircase, which my companion and myself ascended with equal steps.

In a room on the first floor, I distinguished a brilliant light, and a number of eager voices. Thither, then, I was on the point of turning, when the voice of my new acquaintance interrupted me, as he said:

"That is the billiard-room; you go up stairs don't you?"

"Why, yes, I believe I shall," said I, endeavoring to assume an air of as much sang froid as possible, and believing that up stairs, if there was the hazard-table, Villiers was more likely to be found.

We proceeded, accordingly, to the second floor, and my conductor, for I had fallen in the rear, pushing a door immediately opposite the staircase, motioned to me to enter a long and low room, crowded with figures, all of whom appeared deeply interested in their various occupations. I did not at first see Villiers. Close on my right lay the remnants of a supper, to which full justice appeared to have been done, for but a few fragments remained to satisfy the appetite of one or two, who, having been too late for its first glories, were now voraciously swallowing whatever remained that was eatable.

"They sup early, sir. We are always too late," said my companion; and, throwing back his cloak, he instantly attacked the remaining viands, with great zeal.

"I thank you, I am not hungry," I replied, gazing at the same moment on the form and features of the speaker. Succeeding events imprinted his appearance on my memory with but too fearful distinctness. He was one of the most powerful looking men I ever met. About six feet high, and made in proportion; his frame was remarkable rather for strength and weight, than activity. The face, as his eyes were bent on the supper-table, had nothing in it peculiar, except that the projection of one of the front teeth broke the regularity of the features.

He looked upwards, however, as he addressed me a second time, with,

"You don't eat, sir;" and I almost shrank from the expression of his eyes, as they met my view. Small and deep-set, of a light gray color, but appearing at first view darker, from the overhanging and closely knit brows which shaded them, they seemed to combine in them all of ferocity and cunning that imagination could picture. I moved hastily from beside him, and walked towards the other end of the room.

On one side was the fire-place, around which were grouped, busily engaged in conversation, half a dozen persons, whose countenances too plainly showed that they had nothing left to risk. Opposite was placed a large table, the most conspicuous portion of which was a circular revolving centre piece. It was divided into small compartments colored red and black, and the game seemed to be regulated by the color into which might chance to fall a small ivory ball, which an attendant rolled round the edge of a circular part. Beside this person were pasted the regulations of the roulette-table; and I gazed for a minute or two on the game, of which I had often heard as the most ruinous among the varieties of play. Few, however, appeared on this evening, to be its votaries; and I turned to a round table, occupying the whole end of the room, about which were thronged all who seemed really engaged in the occupation of the place.

My first glance fell on Villiers. He was sitting directly opposite to me, leaning his face on his left hand, whilst, with nervous anxiety, he watched the person who was throwing dice. A small pile of counters lay immediately before him, and his right hand rested carelessly on them; but his attention was completely riveted to the progress of the game.

The muscles of Villiers' face worked for a moment with convulsive energy; but, steadying himself by an effort—apparent to me, at least, he pushed across the table about one half of the counters before him.

"You are fortunate to-night, Mr. Varney."

I turned, and saw, receiving the counters, with an air of cool satisfaction, the man with whom I had entered. I barely noticed him, however, for my feelings were too much interested in the wretched proceedings of Villiers to allow me to dwell upon anything else.

Alas! how changed he was from the Villiers of my college days! He was pale, almost ghastly; but a hectic flush of unnatural red flitted across his cheek, and showed more plainly the ravages of dissipation. His elegant form, always slight, and now greatly attenuated, seemed unfit to associate with the reckless countenances of those who surrounded him.

His dark hair, which I had so often admired, at present extremely long and disordered, was thrown back from his brow, as though its weight was too much for him to endure.

He was not now betting, but seemed to have reserved himself until it should come to his turn to take the dice-box.

I sighed involuntarily, and I suppose audibly, for Villiers glanced quickly round and his eye met mine. For one moment a burning blush crimsoned his cheek, and a spasmodic affection seemed to fit across his brow. It was but for a moment. He looked, rather than nodded a recognition, and turned to watch the game.

"You don't play, sir?" said the voice of Varney at my elbow. "Come, just by way of a flyer, I'll bet you a twenty he throws this time either a deuce or an ace."

"Very well," said I, mechanically, and not sorry to throw away a trifl to avoid observation.

The throw was four and one, and I was in the act of handing over to Varney the amount which I presumed I had lost, when the voice of Villiers prevented me.

"You need not trouble yourself to pay that bet, sir," said he, coolly.

"Who says so?" cried Varney, with a loudness which instantly commanded the attention of all present.

"I do," answered Villiers, quietly; "the odds were in your favor; you made only an even bet. By the rules of this table it cannot stand. Banker, does the gentleman lose his money?"

The man looked for an instant at Varney, and evidently hesitated; but the tone and manner of Villiers prevailed, backed as it now was, by that of a number of young men around the table, and with manifest reluctance, he decided that the bet was off.

Varney said nothing aloud, but my blood curdled, as I caught the scowl of demoniac malignity with which he glared across the table, and as he ground his teeth, I heard him muttering—"d—n him, I'll be revenged!"

It now came the turn of Villiers to take the box. He pushed into the middle of the table, all his counters that remained, and scarcely waiting until an equal number were raised against them, he threw the dice without naming any number.

"A main, sir," said the banker. "I had forgotten," said Villiers; "seven's the main."

The dice rolled out, and the next moment I heard the announcement, "deuce-ace—easter loser!"

"Nicked out, by Jove!" said one near me. "He's smashed now; he's lost a devilish deal to-night."

My ear caught the words, but my gaze was still on Villiers, and I started at the wildness visible in his demeanor. His eyes were expanded in a ghastly stare, whilst his hand passed rapidly over his pockets, as if to see whether there were yet remaining in them any thing to stake.

"Shall I pass the box, or will you take a back, sir?" said the banker.

"Pass on. But no! no! who will set this watch," cried he, as he pushed forward a huge gold repeater, which had been given him by his mother, and which I knew he therefore highly valued.

The stake was unusual, and no one replied.

"It is worth two hundred," said Villiers. "Who will risk one hundred against it?" He paused.

"Or fifty," he added.

A note was thrust from behind me into the ring, while I was myself pushing forward the money in place of the watch, which I was determined to save.

Villiers raised his hand, as if to throw; and I feared he was too late, when suddenly pausing, he said:—"Whose money is that, banker?"

"A gentleman's opposite," said the man, looking at Varney.

"I do not bet with that person," said Villiers, decidedly.

"Will any one else set me?"

Every eye was turned on Varney, and his huge form seemed literally to dilate with rage, as he exclaimed furiously:—

"Beggar! what do you mean! Dare you insinuate that I play unfairly?"

Villiers did not reply, but eyed him with cool contempt.

The question was again put, and with a still more treacherous tone.

Villiers looked full in his face, and taking up his watch, said slowly:—"Do I insinuate? The matter is now beyond insinuation. It amounts to a certainty."

There was one moment of silence. A rush succeeded, and my eye caught the glimpse of Villiers, as he fell senseless to the floor, while the fierce eyes of his opponent gleamed brightly above him.

"Aye, give it to him!" shouted a number of voices.

"Teach these beggars what it is to meet with a gentleman of science!"

I pushed hastily forward, and pulling a pistol from my bosom, cocked it, and exclaimed:—"The first who touches him dies!"

Varney drew back in terror; I slowly raised my friend from the ground, and with the assistance of one or two of the more gentlemanly-looking persons around me, endeavored to recall animation.

His forehead had struck, in his fall, against one of the legs of the table, and the blood was flowing profusely from the wound. In a few moments he revived. His eyes glared wildly around, when suddenly springing from our grasp, and shouting—"Defend yourself, coward!" he precipitated himself on the form of Varney, who stood gazing on the scene, in evident triumph.

The movement was so unexpected as to throw us into momentary confusion, and rapid blows were exchanged between the combatants, before any one could interfere to separate them.

The conflict was apparently most unequal; for Varney was tall, and nearly double the weight of his opponent. But excitement seemed to have lent Villiers unnatural strength. Still Varney watched him with a coolness that showed he knew such efforts could not last, when suddenly, in making an effort which evidently was intended to end the contest, his foot slipped, and his own weight, joined to a blow from Villiers, prostrated him before us.

"Rouse the ruffian!" said Villiers. "Let him come on again."

The group around the fallen man hastened to obey the directions, surprised that he showed but little signs of inanimation, and utterly astonished at the casualty of the

Fever and delirium succeeded. Mind and body gave way together, and, at the end of the week, I followed to the grave the remains of him for whom all who knew him had anticipated a long career of happiness and honor.

My friend, my friend; how bright was thy rising—how dark the close of thy life.

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF WINES.—Our mountain wines are brought from the mountains around Malaga. Muscadine, or Muscadel, is a French wine, chiefly produced in Provence and Languedoc. Port derives its name from Oporto, or Porto, a handsome town in Portugal. Hock or Hockamore is mostly made in Hockheim or Hockham, a village not far from the city of Mentz, on the Rhine. Tent is tinto, tinged or red wine. Sherry is derived from Xeres (the Spanish X is pronounced Sh or Ch), situated in the South of Spain. Malmsy comes from Malvasia in Peloponnesus. This wine was afterwards produced at Alicante, the Canaries and Madeira. Sack is a corruption of Sec, signifying dry, the wine being made from half-dried grapes; it is now mostly brought from the Madeira islands,